

## 600 School

Raekwon

Uh-huh  
Talk, talk to me, talk to me  
This a serious one right here  
Uh  
It is real real  
Staten Island Boys is back  
Goddamn  
New York, New York  
What the fuck is y'all talking about?  
Kneel, nigga, kneel, when you see us  
Let's go

Glass of gin for my jewelers, too many Rugers  
Jim's is 500 bands, fam, I swam through Bermuda  
Switchers got muzzlers, soon as rebuttals happen  
We guzzled and everything gets twisted like a puzzle  
Cyber trucks fly out, that the luxe, no doubt  
News cameras seize the moment, that's alligator tux  
I'm comfortable, said it two more times, you's a duck  
Remove yourself quickly, might flip you in the clubs

Eight hundred troopers  
They all in coupers  
Doofy shotguns and geeses, ice rocking boosters  
Bitches call me "Moosa", mansa, you're ruthless  
Wow, he got so handsome, his cutie know his future  
That's fuchsia, flexing in this Spectre with Medusa  
Versace jean jacket, interior is blue-ca, no hookah  
Only big bags eating grouper  
You scavengers, run and tell your managers the Wu coming

Aye yo, bandanas, mad scanners  
Chains swingin', post sayin' plug click  
Niggas do damage, plus  
Niggas gotten semi-autos when we out in Yemen  
Buried all over the desert, baby, Mac-11s  
Clap reverends, grab a big bag on the crap seven  
Past, present, I'd be G-O-A-T till I crash Heaven  
Monstrous bankrolls, Modelos and pesos  
I send a few of you back to the essence, then have a great show  
My wrist game call it gold caviar  
Shootouts on the burgundy swing with gold handle bars  
Clarks on, flying through the Autobahn  
An old deuce flick, been placid inside of Audemars  
Catch a photo from the side like Hitchcock  
The commas on the side of my neck is all big rocks  
When I'm holdin', nothin' moving, all gridlock  
Yo, Wake, I might show up for Dolo with a big Glock

I've been official, but y'all don't think it's beneficial  
Because my bottom line don't benefit you  
The mission was a missile and fitness sent you a missile  
That's finna hit your fitted, that chronic fittin' fit you  
Trippin', I'm fittin' to trip you, short vacation, I trip you  
It's simple, and I go triple for anybody that's with you  
And people know you ready, y'all ready know it's an issue  
You found out it's official, them people blowin' them whistles

A ref's not a reference when people goin' against you  
Your press is not impressive, them people pressin' to bench you

After I meant to, this method is not medicinal  
In fact, I'm earth and waterin', air and fire, I'm elemental  
That's right, I said it, now give me credit with my credentials  
An instrumental with fear of God for my essential  
You get it? Plus a New York fitted to guard the temple  
Them tracks you bumpin', I come with something that'll pop your pimple  
Guessin' I'm Proactiv, too prolific for all you pro-rappers  
Who can't find an angle on a protractor  
They non-factors, haters, just advocators  
These boys might take a shot and don't even chase up the capture  
Tell Peter pay up, it's vital that Peter pay us  
In order to get my cake up, Anita Baker for rapture